

What's the Use of Waiting?

"They" say "all things come to him who waits," but we have not been waiting, and we don't propose to wait. We KNOW our prices are right, our work A-1, and if you don't bring us work we will come after it, in one way or another, either by bringing to your notice our prices, facilities and quality of execution, or personal interviews. We are not grumbling; far from it. We've had our share; we are still getting our share. But we have placed at your disposal a modern, and almost ideal, printing establishment, with such facilities as to command admiration from all with whom we have business intercourse. We are not waiting; haven't time to wait.

An Up-to-Date Printing Office.

One of the vows the writer made when he was "devil" in a country printing office was, in effect, that if he ever owned or managed a printing establishment, it would be kept clean, at least by comparison. At that time he hardly felt the force of the vow, for he has learned after years of experience that it is necessary immediately after one "going over" to start at the beginning and go over it all again. It never ends—just like a housekeeper's duties—but not like the boy who sees no use in washing his face because it will get soiled again. But, a clean printing establishment is just as necessary for the proper execution of work in our line as light and heat and power. And the vow has been kept. Come and see.

We Do Not Believe

There is another city in the State which sends such a small proportion of its orders for printing and blank books away to our Northern friends as Roanoke. All honor to our bankers and business men; that is—most of all of it. We must reserve a little, as this is our "own country."

We Print Anything

That can be desired or devised from movable type, paper and ink—and brains. Brains are just as important in our work as paper or ink or type. It is the combination that tells. We do not mean to be egotistical at all; but combining these things to bring forth a harmonious result has been our study—and we do claim to know our business right thoroughly.

All together

One of the things which has contributed largely to the success of our establishment is the systematic working "together" of all our forces in all departments. This has reduced to a minimum the "lost motion" which is usually to be found in large industries. If a minute can be saved here, another there, it is done—an hour is gained—thus we take care of the fleeting moments. Five minutes wasted daily by each of our employees would mean the interest on \$10,000 a year. In these days of close margins each moment of time must be productive.

Quite Recently, Too

The times are hard, money tight, everything handled economically—but it cannot possibly stay that way. So we are pushing ("not shoving") ahead, just as though good times were upon us. We cannot afford to lag behind or worry; but in times of peace we are preparing for war. And when it comes we will have an establishment that can take care of anything that comes—and things that do not come now. Recently we placed an order for one of the largest lots of new type ever given at one time in Virginia.

Our Establishment

Is just opposite and overlooking the lawn of Hotel Roanoke, (one of the finest hotels in the State,) which gives us a magnificent, bright, refreshing view at all times. Our business office and press-room are on the ground floor (along with our prices). Each floor and department is connected with the office by Electric Bells, Speaking Tubes, and Elevators; and all departments are bountifully supplied with all kinds of Labor and Time-Saving Appliances.

In Our Press-Room

Can be seen the rapid, diminutive and monster cylinder presses including the famous "Promise Keeper," turning out thousands upon thousands of sheets every day. Our largest and best paper cutting machine, the automatic cutting knife sharpener, and tableting appurtenances are on this floor. The wonderful and powerful electric motor, which propels the machines on all three floors, is also on this floor. Over in one corner, hardly noticeable, is kept in readiness, as a supplementary power, an improved Gas Engine, to be attached at momentary notice, in case of accident to the electric motor, or for other causes. This precludes the possibility of a "hole" in the power question.

On the Second Floor

A long row of small presses, used for cards, envelopes, statements, note heads, tickets and small work. Here, also, is probably the most wonderful piece of mechanism in our establishment—the Railroad Ticket Printing Machine. Think of it the next time you purchase your ticket. Secured behind iron bars and double locks, it at once suggests government bonds, with all these safeguards.

Further Along

On this floor is the type-setting department, where expert minds and fingers think and act rapidly and correctly, interpreting at times handwriting that would make Horace Greeley turn green with envy. Large, extra large fonts of type permit the handling of very large orders in a most satisfactory and expeditious manner. Our force in this department can set up about as many pages in a day as a man can read. A plentiful supply of Algebraical, Astronomical, Geometrical signs and characters, accented letters, and "odd sorts" enable us to handle difficult and intricate work in special lines.

On the Top Floor

Is our Blank Book Manufactory, ruling machines, including on which is probably the largest south of Philadelphia; our various wire stitchers, which will take wire from a spool, cut it the proper length, shape it, and drive through a book three-fourths of an inch thick, or one not so thick, 120 a minute; then our paging and numbering machines, board and paper cutters, book presses, which exert a pressure of twenty tons or more, perforating, punching and eyeletting machines, and the engraving department—which latter is an innovation for this section.

And Our Stock-Room!

If some of our friends who usually buy a quire or so of paper at a time, could look in upon this department, they would not cease wondering for days. We do not exaggerate a particle when we say you can see A TON OF A KIND; yes, TEN TONS OF A KIND. You say: "What, ten tons of one kind of paper in a town like Roanoke?" That's what we said. Come and see. And, besides, hundreds of other kinds of plain, fancy and unique; there are stacks of card-board, of a kind, as high as a man, and he need not be a Lilliputian, either.

What Can We Not Do

With such facilities? A card, a circular, note head, envelope, pamphlet, price list, catalogue, book, railroad rate sheet or time table, a ruled blank or a 1000-page ledger, on any or all, we assure our friends we are AT HOME, from January 1st to December 31st.

The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Co.,

Printers, Engravers and Book Manufacturers,
Opposite Hotel Roanoke.
E. L. STONE, President.
ROANOKE, VA

Constipation

is the most common form of Dyspepsia. Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills (white wrapper), one after each meal, cure the most obstinate cases. They contain no mercury, do not purge nor gripe, and impart a natural healthful tone to the stomach and bowels.

50c. and 25c. at druggists'. Send for free sample DR. J. A. DEANE CO., Kingston, N. Y.

THE NAIAD IN WINTER.

Tell me if the naiad lies
When the summer breeze has fled.
Other flowers' wealth southern skies
Weaves she for her shining head?
Or, secure among the hills,
In some cavern does she sleep
Till the vale with sunshine fills
And the loosened waters leap?
Tell me where the naiad dwells,
Sometimes listening by the spring.
When relax the winter's spells,
In her sleep I hear her sing!
—Edith M. Thomas in Ladies' Home Journal.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Who has not heard or read about London bridge, that famous thoroughfare of England's busiest center of traffic, of its endless stream of humanity, constantly passing to and fro in its daily pursuits, of innumerable tales of woe, of lives lost, mispent and forlorn, of tragedies, occurring only to be at once forgotten, and followed by more startling crimes, the inevitable result and outcome of everyday life in the English metropolis—the seat of untold wealth and of untold misery—that unrolls before us the depths of human nature, only too often in their most revolting form?

It was on a dark and foggy evening. The hour when the tired toilers seek the comfort of their fireside, when everybody goes to his home—provided he has a home—had come and gone. Suddenly two pedestrians approaching from opposite directions came to a sudden and rather unpleasant collision on the bridge. One of them, young and dressed in the height of fashion, had come from the aristocratic regions of the west end, while the other, who had approached from the laboring districts of Southwark, was much older and was poorly clad. Their heads had felt the effects of the sudden contact, and both had come to a full stop, each feeling the injured member with his hands and nursing it, while the compliments they exchanged were anything but polite.

"Thunder and lightning, sir!" exclaimed the younger of the two. "Your cranium is not exactly bolstered up with springs, I assure you! Zounds! Why could you not get out of my way when you saw me approach?"

The other, evidently a laborer, shrugged his shoulders and threw a longing look across the railing to the dark waters of the Thames below.

"Where were you going posthaste?" continued the first speaker, noticing the man's dejected attitude.

"There!" came the hoarse answer, pointing down to the river.

"There? Well, my man, our road is the same. Take me with you!"

The poor laborer cast a surprised look at the well-dressed young man.

"You?" he said. "You to go down there? Impossible! What has put such a dreadful thought into your head? You are surely not suffering from want; you cannot possibly know the sorrow and the misery that is the poor man's portion! You look like a rich man. You have youth besides; consequently you are happy and to be envied."

"Wrong, my friend, altogether wrong. Wealth is not always akin to happiness," responded the young man. "Come, rouse yourself. I can see things also have gone wrong with you. Walk with me a short distance and let me explain."

Strange! Here were two persons who had not even known of each other's existence five minutes before, but withal they felt themselves drawn toward one another by that sympathetic flash which so often influences our destinies.

Peaceably and contentedly they walked side by side, while the rich man poured his heart out to his poor companion, telling him with impulsive words that he led anything but a happy life, although possessing everything that usually goes to make life worth living. He was a bachelor who had inherited great wealth from his uncle. He had drained the pleasure cup of all kinds of amusements, had kept servants, horses and carriages, numberless friends had congregated at his splendidly furnished apartments and in his country residences, he had even wildly speculated without rhyme or reason in Lombard street, but won in spite of his folly, he had traveled, he had celebrated orgies, he had lived like a sybarite and thrown away his money with both hands, and now he was tired of life, satiated and blasé in spite of his youth. Melancholy, remorse and helplessness troubled him incessantly and he could not help repeating to himself that his life had been an utterly useless one. Therefore he had finally come to the deliberate conclusion to end his worthless existence in the waters of the river Thames.

The laborer was dumfounded. Never in his life had he listened to such a queer tale.

"How incomprehensible!" he exclaimed. "My life tells exactly the opposite story. I am very poor, have an ailing wife and seven children, and, alas, no food for them! Thus far I have honestly and tirelessly tried to make the two ends meet, in a manner, by hard work, but a few days ago I lost my place in the factory on account of the dull times. I cannot witness the misery at home any longer. It tears my heart to look at my starving loved ones, and though my poor, suffering wife tries hard to console me and to give me courage, bidding me not to despair, I see no escape. I have no hope left and am resolved to put an end to my miserable existence. May God, in his infinite mercy, have pity on my family!"

"Poor fellow!" The rich young man's countenance was full of deep felt pity, and unbidden tears gathered in his eyes. Such a tale he had never heard, never dreamed of amid the affluence of his surroundings. "Now I know that there are people in this world who are a great deal more unhappy than I considered myself to be, fool that I was," he reflected.

"But cheer up, man. There is help in a case like yours. Come, lead the way. Take me to your house. I guess I can end your troubles, and, as far as the—jumping into the Thames is concerned, I think there is no special hurry about it. Do you?"

A cab soon brought the two former candidates for self destruction to the dirty,

barrow laden with the wretched man's quarters in Southwark, where it stopped in front of a tumble down cottage. Poverty and want stared at them from every nook and corner as the master of the house and his young companion entered a small but tidy and scrupulously clean room. A group of children of a pronounced blond type had hardly recognized their father when they ran up to him and pitifully begged for bread. Her eyes red and swollen from crying, her body emaciated from want and sickness, the mother painfully tried to rise from her work as soon as she beheld the aristocratic looking stranger, aided by her 17-year-old daughter Mary.

The young man was shocked when he beheld this scene of what appeared to be unmerited but great misery. But when his sympathetic and astonished gaze, full of pity, had fastened itself upon the face and figure of the beautiful, blue-eyed, slender blond girl, he gave a start of genuine surprise. Full of a generous impulse and quickly resolved, he grabbed the laborer by the hand, exclaiming:

"Cheer up. I shall be back in an hour," he explained, and went before the family had time to recover from their astonishment over the unexpected visitor.

All the father was able to do in reply to the many questions of his wife and children was to console and cheer them in a half hearted manner. The poor man's sufferings had made him skeptical; he had lost faith in himself and in others, almost also in God. But he said nothing about the strange meeting that had prevented their consummation.

Suddenly the door opened once more to admit the man who was uppermost in their thoughts. Behind him appeared two servants carrying baskets filled with choice eatables and sundry bottles, which they deposited upon the table and at once withdrew.

The young man walked up to the astonished and speechless laborer, saying in tremulous tones:

"My friend, tonight you have saved my life. Let me offer you and yours a small token of my gratitude. Do me the honor to accept what I brought you; also this sum of money. And now, cheer up, for you will have no more worries if I can help it."

All shed tears of joy. Again and again they showered blessings and expressions of their overwhelming gratitude upon their noble benefactor, but when Mary approached him to kiss his hand for saving the mother, whose life was fast ebbing away from sheer want and ailment, he drew back saying:

"My friend, I have more to tell you. My name is John Graham, and, as I have already informed you, I have inherited great wealth. But I have no peaceful home; my life is not a regulated one. When an hour ago I left you, I went to the next police station to find out all I could about you; also to your former employer, and to the clergyman of this district. I have heard nothing but good reports of you, especially so and in the highest degree of your daughter Mary, for whom I should like to care exclusively, if you will let me."

These gracious words were followed by silence, unbroken but for the sobbing of Mary's mother, who finally remarked, with suppressed tears choking her utterance, that Mary was her sole dependence for the household work; that she alone cared for the little ones when their father was away at his work, and she, the mother, sick in her bed; that Mary had never worked away from home and was hardly in a fit condition to be employed elsewhere.

"Employment? A position? My dear madam, you have altogether misconstrued my meaning. Nothing is further removed from my thoughts than a desire to see your daughter work for others. I want her for my own, for my wife! I could not pay the debt of gratitude which I owe the family of the man who preserved my life more appropriately than to henceforth keep want and distress from their home. And, on the other hand, what better compensation could I ask in return than the permission that would give me the right to do so by making your beautiful daughter my wife, providing she shares my love and is willing to make me the happiest of men?"

Of course there was no objection, and a few weeks later the marriage took place. Two men, tired of life, were fated to become the preservers of two families, who henceforth led a happy and useful existence.

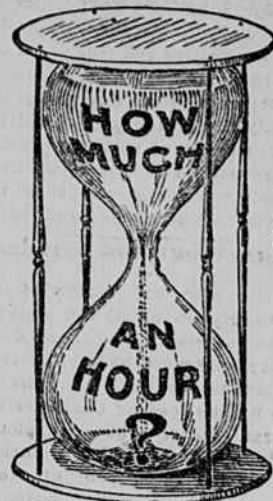
The young couple founded an asylum for poor laborers. If you, fair reader, ever go to London, and, while "doing" the town, should have a chance to visit this institution, over the main entrance to which is the motto, "Never Despair," you will surely have no difficulty to recognize the gray-haired superintendent as one of the heroes of this true tale, the old laborer, and by his side his now fully recuperated wife, trying to do all the good in their power to those in need.—From the French.

Flint Working.

It is curious that the very oldest business in the world has continued on, of course, in a rapidly diminishing quantity, but still kept on from the time when man first fashioned weapon out of flint up to today. Where man in the neolithic age, thousands on thousands of years ago, dug his pit and found his flint, and there fashioned it, in the identical place, the same work is carried on today at Brandon, by what is called the flint knapper. Upon the chalk lies the flint, and pits are dug and short tunnels constructed. The old workings of the remote past are close to the present ones. The mystery of arrow making, using flint as a material, has been solved long ago. By practical work it is found to be much less difficult than it was at first supposed, and that it can be quickly done. Modern processes only differ inasmuch as we have more efficient tools. The knapper puts a leather pad on his knee and so splits it. What his business is, is to make flints for old muskets and guns, such as are used in the most remote parts of the world. India, China and South America still use flintlock guns. Perhaps never will this, the oldest of guilds, give entirely over its flint working. The past ever accompanies the present.—New York Times.

Meadow Lark's Music.

During a short residence in California one of our delightful experiences came to us through the vocal entertainment of the meadow lark and meadow larks. Of the meadow lark I now write. It is a joy forever to have listened to the incomparable notes of one of these birds, which, cradled on the topmost point of some plumelike eucalyptus, bending beneath the weight of the bird and swayed by the passing breeze, poured forth its soul in irrepressible overflow of song in tones so full, clear, sweet and delicately modulated as to place this songster beyond the possibility of a rival. We were horrified later to see by a San Francisco paper that these songsters were being exterminated by the hunters, who killed them for the markets at so much a hundred.—Boston Transcript.



How much is your time worth? How much do you value your strength? Is your money worth saving? Buy a large package of

GOLD DUST

Washing Powder

for 25 cents and you will save time, strength, money. With this famous cleaner every hour counts. Get a package and try it. Sold everywhere. Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

INDEBTEDNESS.

A borrower am I along life's way,
Ever in debt to time and circumstance.
In turmoil's din and mid the concourse gay,
And when in pensive mood aside I stray,
This is recalled oft to my remembrance.

Of time I borrow every passing hour
And largely draw from health's upspringing fount.

From myriad minds I cull rich thoughts that shower,
And to true Love, in her sequestered bower,
I am indebted by a long account.

The morning salutation by the way,
The garlands placed beside the bed of pain,
The silent hand grasp, when celestial day
First dawns to those whose steps we fain would stay,
Are lent, to be returned in kind again.

Only by store of wealth within my brain,
By heart of love, by muscle's ardent force,
Enlightening error, soothing woe and pain,
Thus may I hope my freedom to regain
And walk with Love upon her flowery course.
—Arthur Howard Hall in Elmira Telegram.

A True Mother.

"All that I ever heard of Sir John Murray redounded to his honor," says Frederic Hill in his autobiography. At Edinburgh, under his hospitable roof, were often gathered the most distinguished men of his time. This marvellously genial person, whose qualities were good nature, a love of humor and a love of pleasant society, formed a central figure round whom they all gathered. A pretty story is told of his high sense of honor.

An old lady who had quarreled with her adopted heir bequeathed her entire property to Sir John. When the will was read, he found himself, to his great surprise, possessed of wealth, while the heir presumptive found himself penniless. Sir John made inquiries into the character of the young man, and, receiving satisfactory answers, he quietly transferred back to him the whole property.

Soon after this a lady called upon Sir John's mother, and, indignant at what seemed to her an act of quixotism, demanded:

"Do you know what your son John has done?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Murray, with a happy smile, "and he would not have been my son John if he had done anything else."

This Is the Way to Put It.

Small white teeth somewhat separated are said to denote treachery. Overlapping teeth stand for inconsistency. Long, projecting teeth mean a grasping nature, and long, narrow teeth are understood by the character in teeth readers to express vanity. Fiddlesticks! says The Jenness-Miller Monthly. A mouthful of ill kept teeth bespeaks inexcusable disregard for one's appearance, for one's health and for the refined decencies of life. A mouthful of well kept teeth denotes personal refinement and proper pride and regard for one's health and the feelings of other people. Telling character by teeth need go no farther.

Sunday Observance.

Scene—Sooty farmhouse. Time, Sunday morning.

Tourist (to farmer's wife)—Can you let me have a glass of milk, please?

Milk is produced and consumed.

Tourist (taking some coppers from his pocket)—A penny, I suppose?

Farmer's Wife—Man, dae ye no think shame o' yerse! tae be buyin goods on the Sawbath?

Tourist (reproaching the coppers)—Oh, well, there's no harm done. I'm sure I'm much obliged. But won't you have the money for it?

Farmer's Wife—Na, na; I'll no tak' less than saxpence for breakin the Sawbath.—Leeds Mercury.

Too Vague on One Point.

"Your story is a little vague at one point," said the publisher, and the young woman naturally wanted to know the whereabouts of the alleged vagueness.

"Where you say," exclaimed the publisher, "that 'she, defeated in argument, had no recourse but to woman's most effective weapons against the tyrant man.' Now, do you refer there to tears or flatirons?"—Liverpool Mercury.

Darning.

An expert darning maintains that every garment, whether silk or woolen, is best mended with its own ravellings. It is this carefully done and the darn pressed afterward with a warm iron, the mending will be practically invisible. A small piece of pasteboard held beneath the hole is as great a help as a darning ball when mending a stocking.

He Didn't Get It.

"I wouldn't mind helping you if I thought there was anything in you."
"Jes' you gimme the dime, mister, and see how quick there'll be sumthin in me."—Indianapolis Journal.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED,"

TRY

SAPOLIO

HERE WILL BE
the Largest Enrollment at the
**NATIONAL
BUSINESS COLLEGE**



During the spring term this institution has ever known.
Public school teachers from various counties will be in attendance by April 1st.

ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY SCHEDULE

IN EFFECT APRIL 1, 1896.

| Crystal Springs via B. B. Park | Franklin Road. | West End. | C Spring via Wal's St. & Mt |
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